

Spartan of the Republic

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Summary: When a young, UNSC Spartan, Tionne, becomes a POW and ends up transported to the galaxy of Star Wars, her life is changed..starting from the destruction of Reach, all the way to becoming part of the Republic. Being found on the world of Umbara by a certain ARC, Tionne starts her new life in a role against Krell.
[Fives/OC]

1. Prologue

**(Err..sorry for the crappy title. This has just popped up in my head around 2 in the morning and I had to get it out before I forgot it. Anyways, I apologize for how the first chapter is short. Star Wars belongs to its rightful owners as well as the characters...except for Tionne..she's mine. This is also my first fanfiction and cistructive critism will be thanked, some characters may/may not be OOC, I apologize if they are. Enjoy!)**

_Voices...

>Sangheili voicesâ€|

_The sound of the aggressive species tongue vibrated in her ears as she was chained to a wall, her consciousness slowly returning in a painful, slow-like way. Managing to open her eyes, A253 (or Alpha-253), looked to see one of the towering creatures standing in front of her, its black eyes staring into her black-tinted visorâ€|as if it was trying to look into her deep blue eyes. _

After a few seconds of silence, the Field General ripped off A253's Commando helmet and looked at her before he moved back, allowing two minor-ranked in on her, throwing everything they had at her. After what seemed like an eternity, the Spartan weakly raised her head in time to see the Field Marshal return, energy sword in hand and activated and slowly dragged through and across her armor.

_With her shields down, the blade managed to easily slice through her

Commando grade armor, then through the gel-layer and into her skin. Starting at her right shoulder, he slowly dragged it down towards her pelvis, the Sangheili making it to where she can live, but enough to cause her to sink into unconsciousness. Attempting to resist the pain, Alpha-253 bit down on her lip to avoid screaming as the flesh tore at the blade's mercy. _

_Hearing a majority of screams, she felt the blade pull out and the Field Marshal ran outside only to be swallowed up by a flash of light and blaster fireâ€|and thenâ€|nothing__

2. Arrival on Umbara

(Thus begins Tionne's new life...unfortunately...is on Umbara. And if she thought the Covenant were horrid..just wait until she see's Krell. Anyway, I would appreciate constructive comments/criticism...R&R and enjoy! Narcissi signing off!)

At the fuzzy fact that she was finally regaining consciousness, the realization of being dragged across the dirt, Alpha-253's eyes shot open and she jumped up on her feet, managing to catch her captors off guard. Turning towards her, the Spartan managed to get a full glimpse of the beings, though they were like nothing she's seen before...they had taken her prisoner and they became the enemy.

With the two unknowns and the Spartan becoming locked in a staredown, Alpha-253 made a discreet movement to reach for her magnum, only to find that it wasn't on its holster, the next thing she was aware of was that one of the helmeted things were charging at her and it tackled her to the ground, completely unaware of the danger that it and the other one were in.

As soon as her back hit the ground, the Spartan brought her feet up underneath the being's stomach and pushed him over her, throwing it against one of the freakiest looking tree's ever, the sound of its neck snapping with a sickly sound, and charged at the other one, knife in hand, and lunged at him...the sound of a blaster going off. Taking him to the ground, she forced the black blade through the helmet and into its cranium, death was instantaneous.

Pulling the blade out, it was slick with dark blood and she attempted to head back in the direction from where they had found her, only to find a group of Sangheilis'..familiar Sangheilis'. Spotting the energy sword, the young female Spartan limped over and picked it up and replaced it where her pistol usually is. Remembering that her helmet is missing, she searched for her black Commando helmet...though it was a pain in the rear; sense, well, the planet itself was dark.

Nearly tripping over something, she found the black helmet, specialized to her mission needs, and placed it on, her armor shields finally able to recharge slightly faster with the helmet, her HUD showing that her primary shields were only working at thirty-five percent. Just enough to survive a small barrage of plasma fire. With its enhanced audio, she picked up the sounds of footsteps nearby as well as mechanical ones, Alpha-253 quickly hid herself in one of the tree's and awaited for the objects to appear. So sooner after she hid, a medium-sized cluster of light-blue blimps appeared on her motion sensor and saw what was causing them.

It looked like a small battalion of troopers in white armor and helmets that looked like skulls and two machines that looked like UNSC Mantis'. Up front, there was another sentient being with four arms and frog-faced..basically a four-armed and two legged frog person, and there were two troopers that were decorated in blue markings and something on their shoulders and belts...it looked like a heavy, dark grey leather kilt.

Moving closer to the tree's trunk, she hoped to hid herself with its dark color. But, frog-face turned rather abruptly and its hellish-yellow eyes turned on her; and, pulling out something that looked like an energy sword, threw the blue blade and it went through her shoulder, causing a burning, searing pain. Losing her balance as her vision blurred, she fell with a quiet gasp and a dull thud onto the ground, unmoving.

Feeling the blade being forced from her shoulder, she saw the frog-man staring at her before motioning to move on.

'_Like hell._'

Picking up a rather large rock, she chucked it frog-face and it collided with the back of his head and he turned and snarled at the Spartan with a challenge vibrating in his voice. Pulling out his weapons, Alpha-253 ignited the Field Marshal's weapon, the blue blades bright in the murky setting of the planet.

Everything was a tense silence before Blue number 2 said something about 'having information' and frog-face's eyes narrowed and he put away his weapon. Nodding to the other, the trooper raised his pistol and took a shot at Alpha-253's wounded shoulder, the searing pain spreading from her shoulder and into the wound inflicted by the Field Marshal, the female passed out and hit the ground, shield indicators red and beeping.

* * *

><p>*Later*</p>

When the Spartan managed to open her eyes, she found herself in what seemed to look like a blue-hued detention cell, where her coal black armor made a stark contrast to the rest of the interior and her hands were cuffed behind her back. Giving them a few tugs, she immediately learned that it's not chains...but something else. She also came to notice that her weapon was gone as well.

Rising unsteadily to her feet, she decided that she would try out the energy field that served as a 'door' for her cell. Taking a rather quick charge at it, she merely bounced off it with a loud thud, causing the patrons in the room to look at her. Taking a guess, she thought that they either seemed amused or confused...all she knew was that her shoulder hurt like hell now.

Hearing three pairs of footsteps, she looked to see the two men in blue from earlier, and a red-headed man with a beard dressed in what looked Jedi robes...with an estimated guess. Motioning for the shield to be taken down, Blue number 2 said something about her attempting to escape, only to be countered with a reply from

Blue number 1 that she wouldn't and asked the man if...the Force?...could hold her. After a few seconds, she didn't feel anything and was about to move until she felt a unseen force lift her off the ground, her feet just barely brushing the ground itself. With the two Blue's moving in, she immediately tensed up, expecting to be interrogated like she was hours before.

"You can relax," It was the robed male, "We're not going to hurt you." With a hesitant reply, she managed to allow herself to relax mentally and physically. With Blue 1 going to remove her bounds, she heard them clank to the floor and she unconsciously rubbed her wrists. Feeling herself being lowered to the ground, Alpha-253 attempted to walk, but found that she was still caught in that unseen force.

Removing his helmet, Blue 2 revealed his face to the Spartan: Black military cropped hair as well as a goatee, tan skinned and what looked like '5' tattooed on the right side of his face as well as dark brown eyes that held ferocity and the will to fight. He then placed his hands on the sides of the Spartan's helmet.

"May I?"

At least he asked before he did that. The female nodded carefully and the trooper removed her helmet, revealing a fair-skinned woman with burning blue eyes and platinum blonde with some hints of red streaking through it, her hair having a major contrast with her armor. One would say that she was beautiful, but he took notice of her injuries: A busted lip that had long ago stopped bleeding, several large bruises covered her face and there was a long cut across her left cheek.

Standing back, he took notice that she had a major cut marking across her armor and one in her shoulder.

"Sir?" he was speaking to the man that released her from her binds.

"Take her to the med-bay, I believe the rest of her injuries are more severe than the ones that are on her face." The red-headed man then spoke, looking straight at the woman.

"Yes sir..." Blue 1 then spoke through his com-link to an unknown person, "Have your stuff ready, we have a new one."

After a few minutes, Blue 1 nodded to the helmet-less trooper that stood in front of her, and the trooper grabbed the Spartan's arm carefully, guiding her to the med-bay where medics awaited her arrival. On the way there, the soldier attempted to speak to her, but only getting her name.

"Tionne...That's an unusual name, but it's lovely."

Tionne looked up and smiled, "Since I gave you my name, you have to tell me yours."

"I'm Fives..." he stopped short, "Your voice...it's...lovely as well.."

"Well, Fives, you have an unusual name yourself...I like your voice

as well...it's different."

He gave a laugh, "I thought you should know, that the red-headed and bearded man is Obi-wan Kenobi...or in this case, General Kenobi, the other trooper that was with me is Captain Rex.."

"What about the frog-face that I threw the rock at?"

Fives stifled a laugh by covering his mouth "For that, you either had to be extremely crazy, stupid, or asking for a death wish..but he's General Krell.."

"Something tells me I'm not going to like him very well...am I?" Fives nodded and they arrived at the med-bay, where Coric had a medical kit on standby.

(By the way, for pointers until the names are introduced to my OC, Blue number 1 would be Rex, and Blue number 2 would be Fives. Also, most of her actions are kind of based on Emilie and Tex from RvB.)

3. Bacta Tanks and a Chat

"Well, there's some good news, and there's some bad news..."

Turning his attention from the Spartan Tionne, who was in just a black tank and shorts, to the medic Coric, Fives looked up at the 501st medic.

"What's the good news?"

"The good news? She'll recover quickly, though a few days in the med-bay are recommended. The bad new? The injuries on her front are too deep for just a bacta sharp...she'll need to be in the tank for a few hours."

Cringing slightly, Fives then turned towards Tionne and helped her up, showing her what a bacta tank is and does. Explaining that the tank is used for injuries that can't be healed with the usual techniques.

"Uhhh..." Tionne took a step back from the tank, her blue eyes skeptic and untrusting.

"It'll be alright. It's not that bad...the only thing most troopers hate it is feels like your being constricted and its freezing as hell when you get out."

"Thanks for the confidence boost.."

"Don't worry, Tionne," Fives placed a comforting armored hand on her shoulder, "You'll be safe. You'll be in and out in no time!"

"In you go, kid." Stepping into the tank, Tionne was strapped to a harness and a mask was put over her mouth and the next thing she knew, she was feeling the liquid fill the tank as Tionne fell into unconsciousness.

* * *

><p>He would've stayed there if he could, but the Captain commed him and said that they were needed in the command center. It turns out that the Umbarans had 'captured' clone armor and is wearing it to disguise themselves into the groups, hoping to gather information. Running up to the command center, he stopped in front of the holographic table and a hologram of Waxer appeared.</p>

"Trooper, report!"

"We have intel that the Umbarans are taking the armor of clones and wearing it into our ranks.." The communicator cut out before Waxer could say anything and the sound of an explosion went off and Rex turned towards Fives.

"Gather up the men. We're going to help out Waxer.." Nodding quickly, the ARC trooper made his way down to the rest of the troops. With Rex and Fives leading the battalion, they were only a couple of miles before the fighting broke out. It seemed like hours before Fives heard the Captain yelling at everyone to stop firing and that they are not the enemy.

With the shocking realization that each side has just killed their brothers, they immediately began to help the wounded and help the others. Throughout it all, Fives had heard that Krell had faked the transmission and that the real Waxer had died telling Rex that. In all of his short life, Fives had never felt the rage he's feeling only time, was when he witnessed the death of his last and closest brother, Echo.

After they had gotten everything straighten out and everyone back safely, Fives went to the barracks and changes into the fatigues for the night and immediately headed towards the med-bay where a certain Spartan remained in a bacta tank. Usually, he would go talk to a brother, but after today, he felt that anyone couldn't even look each other in the eye.

Looking down at his chrono, he figured that Tionne wouldn't be out for another forty minutes or so. Figuring that she would need something to wear, he reached into a drawer and pulled out the usual red garb and sat down on one of the bunks. Hearing the door swish open, Fives looked up to see Coric, who, was walking toward the tank, motioned for the ARC to help with Tionne.

"The scanners read that the injuries she had suffered when she was found have healed successfully, but there are still some complications in her leg. Give it sometime before she tries anything."

"Will do.." The medic pushed the button to drain the blue liquid and, when emptied, the door slid open and Coric undid the harness and face mask. Catching her as she fell forward, Fives grabbed a towel and helped dry her off and steered her to a nearby bunk.

"Crap..why is it so freaking cold?" Fives looked down to see Tionne curled up on the bunk, trying to fuel up her body heat, her shivering visible. He gave a little chuckle and sat next to her.

"Don't say I didn't tell you. But, here, take these. They might provide you a little more warmth." Grabbing the red clothing, Tionne

managed to make her way towards a 'fresher and changed from the damp clothes and into the large, red fatigues. Walking out rather unsteadily, Tionne got a chuckle from Fives, noticing that the clothing nearly swallowed her, he even noticed that her ribs stuck out slightly.

"You laugh...but your eyes say something else. Anger, sadness and revenge are dark your eyes...what happened?" Tionne asked as she gently placed both of her now scarred hands on his shoulders, "Tell me, please.." It took him a few minutes before he managed to reply, but when he did, Tionne's face went from a softness that could surprise anyone, to a familiar face of anger and disgust.

"Krell...he led us into believing our brothers were the enemy...believing that they were Umbarans. What about Boil? Waxer was his closest brother...and now he's dead. He died telling Rex about Krell...a single tear came down Waxer's face."

Tionne could almost see the anger and hate radiate off of her friend like a black storm cloud. Reaching down, she took his hands into hers, squeezing them gently.

"Fives...I promise you...Krell will pay. Even if I have to give up my life for the people I have just met, I will."

"Tionne...you don't have to do this. We're meant to be expendable..."

"Well...you're not expendable to me, Fives, none of you are. And besides, when a Spartan sets their minds to something, they never let it go until it has been done."

"Thank you, Tionne...for everything..."

4. Krell's Demise

She could feel it. Tionne knew, after the recent incident, that something big was going to happen. With the few years of being in the UNSC, she had developed something along the lines of a 'sixth sense'. She didn't need anyone to tell her, she could kriffin' feel it. Despite Coric's warning about her leg, Tionne rose out of the bunk and hobbled out of the med-bay, her limp visible, and went to look for Fives, Rex, or anyone that could confirm what it was.

"And what do you think you're doing?" Tionne froze slightly at the voice, hoping it wasn't who she thought it was. Turning around, she came face to face with the familiar helmet of the first person she saw.

"What's going on, Fives?" The trooper shook his head, sighing. "

I guess there's no way I can avoid telling you is there? Okay...we're going after Krell. Captain Rex has already told the others and everyone is preparing themselves for a fight."

_ 'I knew this would happen...why didn't I see it earlier?' _

"It's going to be fine, Tionne. We're going to put an end to

Krell."

"I want to help. What did they do with my armor?" Tionne turned and limped off in search of her black armor.

"What? N-no, Tionne. Your still to injured...your leg..."

"Remember when I said that a Spartan never lets anything go? Well, when I said I was going to make him pay, I meant it."

Watching her as she limped off, Fives jogged after her and caught her by the arm.

"Maybe, there is something you can do. But first, follow me. I should tell you, that we weren't able to repair your original armor, except for the body glove, so we managed to get you some of our commando armor."

Nodding her head, the Spartan followed Fives to the armory where her new armor stood on a rack. Just looking at it, it looked the same, it was when she got near it, is when she noticed the difference. It still had the black of her origin, but it was the designs that caught her attention. On the shoulder plating, it had the 501st blue strips and the markings were on the forearm plating as well.

As for the helmet, it had two energy swords, painted on the right side, clashing against each other.

"Tup managed to grab your weapon when he found you. So, everyone just kinda decided to paint the weapon on your helmet..."

"I...I haven't even been here that long..."

"So? You stood up to the General even though you were hurt...they'll give you a little more respect than usual, but they still think you have a death wish or something."

Laughing quietly, Tionne grabbed the gel-layer and the armor, heading into a change-room. She soon came out with her newly made armor on and her helmet tucked under her arm. Tionne's short, choppy hair pulled back, her bangs over to the side, nearly covering her face. Smiling underneath his helmet, he walked over to her and patted her shoulder and handed her a rifle.

"Try to keep the General in your sights. And, if you get a chance...use it."

* * *

><p>With Tionne sitting up in a perch that sat along the edge of the building, the Spartan activated her helmet and sighted up her rifle. With the sound of blaster fire coming from the inside, the glass below flew out as Krell jumped through it. Activating her thermals, she continued to track him through the body heat that appeared on the visor, telling them where he went.</p>

Through the time she followed, she managed to get a couple of shots off, alerting them to his position. At the same time, settling her own grudge against him.

"See him?" It was Rex this time.

"Negative, sir.." Tionne replied, "I can only catch small glimpses and it blends with the wildlife. I'm going to switch to my motion tracker."

"Alright. Just keep your eyes open for him."

"Yes, sir."

Switching on her motion tracker on, Tionne began scanning the area like a hawk. Through the distance, she could hear the sounds of blaster fire and explosions. Since Krell was in the database, she was able to label his dot as red and the others green. Following Krell's dot, there were sometimes were it would move closer and she would shoot.

At one time, she would manage a shot on one of his arms or hands. After a few more seconds, his dot just stopped moving all together and Fives' voice came on the com-link.

"We got him, Tionne...we got him!"

* * *

><p>*Later*</p>

He looked a lot larger than he did when she first saw him.

A lot bigger.

But, there he was...Krell...captured and held prisoner by the men he thought were just cannon fodder. Bound tightly in his cell, the general kept his head and eyes low, not once looking up. Good. Looking behind her, Tionne saw another trooper, Dogma, cuffed as well. Why? She wasn't quiet sure...since they found her just before the little incident with the others.

Tionne wasn't sure what she felt for him. Was it anger? Sympathy? She didn't know. But, if anything, she knew how it felt to be betrayed by the higher ranks. Quietly walking over toward him, Tionne said nothing as she grasped his shoulder and Dogma said nothing, either. Though betrayal shone brightly in his dark eyes.

"I...I thought I was just following orders.." Tionne removed her helmet and looked at the man straight in the eyes, her blue ones understanding.

"I know. But, there's a difference between following orders and blindly following those of someone who doesn't a damn wether you live or not. You may think that you were doing your job, but what you didn't realize was that he was playing you for a fool." Dogma remained quiet before he spoke again, his gaze moving to the floor.

"Why didn't I see it before? Why didn't I react after we have just killed our own brothers?"

"Don't blame yourself, Dogma. He knew that everyone was a little on edge and took advantage of that."

"I still should have done something.."

This time, Tionne felt sympathy for him. Just the sickening thought of it made the anger in her for Krell burn hotter with each passing moment. It just grew and grew until it finally hit her. Looking back at the cell, it looks like Rex had Krell at gunpoint.

"Then you won't mind what I'm about to do..." Nabbing a pistol from Fives, Tionne took a quick aim and shot Krell in the back, his death quick. Everyone in the room looked at the Spartan with a shocked expression on their faces.

"You...you just shot the general!" It was Rex who spoke.

"I know. That's the thing about most Spartans...once they have their mind set, there's now way to change it...especially when there's a target on the line."

It was over then. Krell was dead, and they didn't lose the planet. Tionne knew it would be forever before they could forget the events that happened. Maybe even never. But, Tionne would be there if they ever needed her.

5. Mission in the Mountains

Months had quickly passed since Krell's death, and with each battle, Tionne had become close with the 501st as well as some outside of the legion. But, she and a certain ARC trooper had become even closer. If the higher ranks couldn't see it, it didn't mean the troops couldn't, either. They could pick up hints from overly long glances, the subtle change in a person at the sound of the others name, and even how they act around each other.

But, at the moment, they were in the briefing room, going over the plan for an upcoming battle. This was a place that Tionne had never heard of, but it reminded her of her old home in the mountainous terrain of Reach. It turns out that the Separatists have dug themselves deep and have some sort of anti-air canon and that it's been halting any attempts to help the locals on the surface.

They have been tasked to infiltrate the base and destroy the massive weapon so reinforcements can arrive...and, if possible, destroy the base. The female Spartan and Fives made their way to another gunship, with Tup in tow.

"You know, Tionne, that you're going to stick out, right?" Tup asked as they boarded the transport.

"Pfft...Point being?"

"Tup, since the first day we saw her, we should know by now that we really can't change her mind."

Tionne could hear the chuckle in Fives' voice and the doors closed. Feeling the transport lift off, the woman stumbled slightly as it lurched forward and towards the surface. As they entered the atmosphere, she could feel the bird hit harsh turbulence, the wind howling outside the blast doors. She thought that if this weather

continued like it did, the bird would never make it through.

But she felt its speed slow as they neared the surface and they were hit with a blast of cold air and harsh snowfall.

"You know, guys, that with this horrid weather, it probably won't even matter about my black armor."

There was a series of chuckles as they made their way into the mountains, the ever-valiant Captain Rex leading the way. The first part was no problem of course, what with the stable footing and wider paths. But, when they neared the mid-range is when issues started. Every now and then, someone would slip on a loose rock and their time was slowed down by narrow paths.

Most would think that random collapses wouldn't be a problem near the top, but never...ever...trust the paths. The group was almost near the spot of infiltration when a trooper lost his footing as some of the trail collapsed. Reaching for a grapple line as she jumped over the edge, she grasped the trooper's hand and fired the hook, the harpoon digging deep into the ice and rock. Tionne could hear voices, but couldn't figure out who it belonged to.

"Get them up! Hurry!"

No sooner after, Tionne and the trooper were being hauled up and they were pulled over the edge. Placing a hand on the trooper's shoulder, she smiled underneath her helmet.

"Name, soldier?"

"Ghost..ma'am."

"Well, Ghost, be sure to watch your step. Also, call me Tionne."

Ghost nodded, though Tionne was sure that it would be awhile before he was comfortable calling her by her name and not her rank. Feeling herself being pulled to her feet, she heard the click that someone had joined on her private link.

"Dammit, Tionne," Fives' voice was strained as he spoke, "Don't kriffin' scare me like that!"

"Easy Fives, easy.." Tionne's voice was soft, looking into the ARC trooper's visor, "It's nothing to worry about...and I wasn't going to let him plummet to his death."

Fives gave a quiet chuckle before replying to Tionne's statement. "This is why the others like you, Tion'ika."

"Tion-what?"

"It means Little Tionne. It's from a language that we learn called Mando'a. I'll tell you later..."

Tionne wondered why he cut it quickly. Then she found out why when she looked ahead of them. The captain was pretty much glaring daggers at them. With the rest of the way having no problems, they finally reached the facility. Tionne, tasked with setting the detonators,

split off from the her group and snuck through the large air vents.

_ 'Thank god that the vents are large enough...' Tionne thought as she checked the time on her chrono. She had fifty minutes to set the explosives and rendezvous with the others outside before the detonators blow. After another few minutes of crawling, the black-armored Spartan found herself looking at the largest anti-air gun since the first time she laid eyes on the Covvies AA gun.

Laying out the area in her visor's digitized map, she noticed that there weren't very many of the droids in the area. Only the two gunners and a commander. Checking her blaster pistols and energy swords, Tionne carefully slid out and quickly disposed of the three B1's, placing the weapons back into the holsters. Reaching into her backpack, she pulled out the explosives and began placing them around the gun in the weak points.

As she did so, Tionne couldn't shake the feeling that she was being watched, and activated the motion tracker on her visor. Taking a step back, she gave the gun a look over before looking at the chrono again. Thirty minutes.. Giving a satisfied nod, Tionne began making her way towards the edge where she would rappel off down towards the others.

She was about to stick the line when a large hand grabbed her throat and lifted her off the ground.

"Well, isn't this a surprise." Being turned around, Tionne came face to face with a large cyborg with menacing yellow eyes and four arms, three of which are holding light pulled up the timer on her HUD.

Ten minutes...

"So, this is the soldier that cost us Umbara...and many others.." The cyborg growled out. Managing to grab a pistol, she aimed it upwards and pulled the trigger, the hot plasma searing the face armor and causing the cyborg to let go.

"You must be the infamous General Grievous, I assume?" Tionne asked as she placed the weapon in its holster.

"You are correct. But, battling against me won't be a problem since my forces are currently stopping your little renegade.." Tionne was about to reply when her helmet comm sounded. Pressing the button, she waited for the caller to speak.

"Ma'am. Everyone called in and our explosives are in place and we are making our way to the Rendezvous."

"Very good, Ghost. And tell the Captain Rex that I am making my way out now."

"Yes ma'am." The comm then went silent.

Sighing inwardly, she wished that some of them would stop calling her ma'am. Looking down at her chrono, her eyes widened in excitement and worry. Four minutes. Shit. Looking up at Grievous, Tionne removed her helmet and smiled at the cyborg's shocked expression, walking backwards towards the edge.

"It was a pleasure meeting you, but keep in mind that a _girl_ destroyed your weapon!"

Replacing her helmet, she jumped onto a ledge, sticking the rappel into the rock and started to descend. Tionne was only halfway there towards the Rendezvous when the base went up in flames, sending down a torrent of snow, rock and debris. The Spartan managed to hit the ground and run, but only to fall through a crevice. The snow and debris passing over.

Hitting the ground with a thud, Tionne activated her helmet lights and looked around the dark crevic floor, seeing nothing but ice walls and snow. Looking up, she figured that she didn't fall too far, due to the fact that she could still see the entrance. Checking her helmet comm to see if it still worked, the only thing Tionne got in return was a hiss of static.

Sighing irritably, the Spartan started to fiddle with the systems, seeing what worked and what didn't. Seeing as how she would be down here for awhile.

(Okay, this one will be split into two chapters. Here's nÃ³mero uno for you, and will be working on the next one.)

6. Of Rescues and Love

(Here's part two! Also, I was stuck in Kansas the whole time and didn't have a signal or anything so I couldn't get this two chapters on here, sorry! But hope you enjoy it anyways! Narcissi signing off!)

"She said that she's working her way down now, sir."

Rex nodded and relayed the information to Fives, who just nodded and helped Coric and Kix with the wounded. Every now and then, one of the clones would catch Fives shifting his gaze slightly to the still standing base. Looking down at his chrono, Fives slowly counted down the minutes until they reached zero and the sound of an explosion sounded in his ears.

Looking up, he saw the base up in flames. Walking up to the ARC, Rex placed his hand on Fives' shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Fives. She isn't down here...no one's seen her.."

"We can't just give up on her! Can we at least send a search party to look for her?" He could hear the strain in Fives' voice as he spoke. Tionne nearly killed herself to save Ghost and now...there's a possibility that she could be dead. Rex knew the feeling all too well. Grabbing the ARC's shoulder, Rex lowered his voice.

"We'll head to base and when the weather settles down, you can choose someone to go with you to look."

"Thank you, sir. But...I'd rather do it alone."

Though it sounded formal, Rex could hear the smile in the trooper's voice.

* * *

><p>Looking at the internal clock, it had been three hours since Tionne had fallen. The thing that was complete osik was that daylight only lasted like 10 hours, and before the temperature began to drop. The good news was that the suits thermal system, shields and air filter was working...but no stupid comm.<p>

She noticed that the temperature had started to drop. It was slow, but the air was noticeably getting colder. It wasn't until the sun was gone and, her warm suit battery had long died, until the weather had calmed enough for her to keep an ear out for voices.

* * *

><p>With the Freeco speeder in high gear, Fives returned to the spot where the Sep base once was, thinking that she had to be holed up somewhere. As he drove, the only thing on his mind was that she has to be alive...for god's sake, she stood face to face with Krell! Pulling the vehicle to a stop, Fives activated Tionne's private link, listening for her in case she manages to reach him, calling for her through the link as he searched through snow and debris.<p>

* * *

><p>With her body frigid and fingers numb, she managed to get the comms working again and the first thing she heard was her name being frantically called. Activating the link, she spoke with a tremble.<p>

"Fives?"

"Tionne! Where are you?"

"I fell into a crevice. J-just a few feet from your position."

"I see it...hang in there, Tion'ika!" It was the last thing she heard before she went unconscious. But, she was getting out..

* * *

><p>Checking Tionne's POV, Fives managed to find the crevice where she fell. Looking down, he had a difficult time seeing her armor, but if it wasn't for the lights still working, he probably wouldn't have found her.<p>

There!

Shooting a hook in the frozen ground, Fives hooked the line to his belt and descended into the hole. Once his boots hit ground, he released the line from his belt and sprinted to an unconscious Tionne.

Kneeling beside her, he lifted Tionne to where she was resting against him and took notice of her condition: Face pale as a ghost and deathly cold, her lips were very blue as well. He tried shaking her a few times to get her awake. After a few seconds, he got her slightly conscious and put her helmet back in her head.

"...Fives..."

"Hang on.." Fives whispered as he threw the woman across his shoulders and he shot another grapple line and ascended out of the crevice. Making his way back to the speeder, Fives strapped Tionne in and climbed to the front, racing back to the base.

"It's a good thing you managed to find her. Any longer and she would be dead...but in a couple of hours, she'll be able to go to her room." Kix said as he ran a scan over Tionne, "She'll live, but I suggest that she doesn't participate in this for awhile."

Fives nodded as Tionne lay there, the red garbs he gave her back on Umbara still swallowed her, though she was no longer skin and bones. Going to his room, he changed out of his armor, leaving him in his body glove. Staring at the alarm clock, it said that it was around midnight, Fives sat up and rubbed the back of his head.

Grabbing another blanket, he snuck his way down towards the med-bay in the still brightly lit hallway.

_ 'She was supposed to be in her room hours ago...' Fives thought as he saw the sleeping Tionne curled up on the bed. Placing the blanket over her, he wrapped Tionne up and carried her in his arms to her room. Pushing the button to open the door, he walked in, the door swooshing closed, and placed her down gently. Grabbing the blanket from the shelf in her room, he covered her with it as well and sat next to her in the bed.

Leaning against the wall, Fives pulled a limp Tionne onto his lap, curled up with her head resting against his shoulder and arms holding her close. She still felt cold, but he noticed that the color had returned to her face and her lips were no longer blue. They sat there in silence until Tionne started to stir.

"Hnng...owww...why is my head hurting so much? Why am I freezing?"

' _Ah...it seems like Tionne hadn't noticed that she's not the only one in the room...' _Fives laughed inwardly as he felt her move around, _ 'Probably trying to figure out where in the hell she's at.'

-

She didn't leave, so it probably meant that she was becoming more aware.

"Fives?" As of a matter of fact, Tionne was. The next thing Fives knew, was that both of her hands rested softly on the sides of his face, then shoulders and slid down, stopping to rest on his chest. He could feel his heart rate quicken and face heat up slightly at her touch, and Fives was sure that Tionne could feel it as well. Feeling the woman inch closer, they managed to lock eyes, bright blue ones meeting dark chocolate eyes.

It was a moment of pure bliss, one lost in the eyes of the other. Just having Tionne looking at Fives in this moment can send him into a love-filled state. There was only a few more seconds of silence before the next person spoke.

"Tionne..." With that, Fives leaned forward and caught the Spartan by her soft lips, catching her off guard. Pulling away, he gave Tionne a little bit to recover; though, her reaction was different from what he expected. Instead of freaking out, she just smiled and brushed the side of his face with her fingertips.

"I was wondering when you were going to finally so that..."

"You were?"

"Yes, Fives." This time, they were both ready and met each other halfway, the two newly-made lovers releasing the pent up feelings that had for each other in one, passion filled kiss. When air became a necessity, they pulled away and just looked at each other for a moment before Tionne rested her head on his chest and snuggled into the blankets and Fives brought his arms around her.

"Sleep well, _cyar'ika...__"

(Okay, this last part was to be something different, but Cascada came on Pandora and it came out like that. I feel like I'm bringing the lovey stuff in too early..)

7. Sharing A Past

Some knew.

Some knew about the relationship between Fives and Tionne, but thank the Force they didn't say anything. Every so often, they would be seen sitting next to each other in the mess hall, fighting side-by-side, or just relaxing in the rec room. Apparently, Tionne had recently found herself a staff in the empty room and was currently using it like it was a light saber, making the 'vvv' sounds as she did so.

This Spartan that took no bullshit from anybody, has secretly reduced herself to a fun-loving girl that she once was. But, at least the UNSC trained to her be able to do lethal combat with just about anything. She continued to add sound effects, thinking that she was alone. But, little did she know that there were two people watching her with an amused faces.

"You know, Tion'ika, seeing as how you've been using an energy sword, you could be like our own little secret Jedi." Jumping slightly, Tionne dropped her staff, the metal object hitting the ground with a clank, and turned around quickly, her face turning red. Rex and Fives stood there in black shorts and a blue T-shirts, their dark eyes clearly amused.

"Sooo..." Tionne said as she rubbed the back of her neck, "What are guys up to?"

"Well, Rex and I are on leave for about a few days, so...all in all...not much." Fives replied, walking over and picking up Tionne's staff, trying to replicate the moves she was previously using.

"Well, if you guys are bored, I could show you something that the UNSC taught me way before I was found on Umbara."

"UNSC?" Rex asked, looking down at Tionne. Though the woman was a Spartan, her growth was slightly stunted, making her a foot smaller than your average Spartan, but she made up for in strength, swiftness and agility.

"United Nations Space Command. The military is composed of many planets in my galaxy, having soldiers in the millions and possibly even more. We were in the middle of the war with the Covenant, which comprises of many different species."

"So basically...it's just humans verses every other species out there?" Fives asked, his face in concentration as he threw the staff up in the air.

"Pretty much." Tionne replied, "We're losing the war...they had technology that was way more advanced than ours...than yours. My planet was just starting to become destroyed with nuclear explosions and burning. Half of the planets foliage and water burned...making it look like metal. The only problem, is that there were five of my kind left."

"Only five Spartans? Trying to defend an entire planet?" The trooper's said in unison.

"Yes. When they fell...I was the only one left and I managed to destroy two of the Covenants massive cruisers. But it was never enough...they just kept coming. Until one day, while I was on recon, a group of Sangheili ambushed me. Held me captive for days."

Tionne pulled out a hologram, the image showing the full height of the alien creature. The thing stood as tall as General Grievous for god's sake!

_ 'So that was what Tionne was injured by...the scars on her cheek and across her collar bone...' _ Fives thought angrily as he stared at the image.

"And then we found you..." Rex finished after a few seconds of silence.

"Yes...though I don't know what caused me to arrive in your galaxy. Now, how about the staff lessons?" Tionne joked as she began showing them how to block, counterattack, and other things that a metallic stick could be used for.

8. A Drunken Hallucination? Vision?

"Hey!" Tionne's voice sounded excited, "You got it!"

She watched from the sidelines as Rex and Fives sparred each other with the staffs. For something that's not exactly their fighting style, they sure do catch on quick, victory and defeat going to both sides. Looking at the wall mounted chrono, the time said that it was about ten at night. Saying their good-byes, the trio headed their separate ways.

As Tionne headed down the hallway to her room, she thought about how Fives looked when he saw the image, pure rage darkening his eyes.

Going into her room, she switched from a black workout outfit, to a dark arctic tank and black shorts. Laying on her bunk, she stared at the ceiling for a estimate of thirty minutes before she finally fell asleep.

* * *

><p>He had no clue what happened, one moment he's resting in his bunk, and the next, he's having drinks with some others from a different company. All Fives knew was that he was going to majorly regret this tomorrow. Unlike his brothers, who were all being the loud and obnoxious types of drunk, he was just silent, mainly focused on getting back to bed at the moment. When everyone started heading back, he decided to head for a certain Spartan's room.</p>

There was something he needed to tell her. That first kiss wasn't enough, he decided that he needed to voice it to her.

* * *

><p>How he managed to find her room, she didn't know. But, Tionne could tell his footsteps from anyone else's...and he kept talking to himself. Opening the door, seeing that he was obviously drunk, Tionne carefully guided him inside and rested him down on the bed. Grabbing a glass of water and a couple of pills, she turned to see that he was hunched over on his hands and knees, breathing heavily.</p>

The first thought on Tionne's mind was the usual 'Oh shit...' and she quickly got him up and into the 'fresher. Guiding him to the latrine, she angled Fives' head over it and waited as he emptied the contents from his stomach. Vomiting for a good couple of minutes, Tionne was sure that he was done, considering the fact that he was dry heaving.

When he finished, she flushed it and the ill trooper just collapsed over onto side, Tionne easing his fall, and cradling his head in her lap, gently rubbing his feverish head with her cool fingers. After a few minutes, she managed to help Fives into the bunk and removed his now sweat-soaked shirt.

_ 'Damn...your feverish just about everywhere aren't you?' _ Tionne though as she noticed that he glistened with it. Grabbing a cloth, she ran it under some cool water and dabbed him down. Reaching for the glass and pills, she had him take the meds for his fever. With shaky hands, Tionne helped Fives guide it to his mouth and he slowly drank it.

She continued to rub the soldier's aching head with her fingers, seeing him relax physically as well as mentally. Getting up, the woman went and put the shirt into a washer that resided in an adjacent room, and went to lie next to Fives. Managing to open his eyes, Fives looked around for Tionne, but either his vision was too messy, or she wasn't in the room. He didn't really know.

"Tionne..."

"Stay still, Fives..."

Her soft voice came from close beside him. Managing to turn his head,

which screamed at him in protest, he saw the beautiful face of the woman he loved lying next to him, halfway asleep. Opening her eyes, her bright blue ones locked on to her love's warm honey eyes that were currently foggy. She reached over and gently touched the side of his face and he jumped slightly. Her skin felt cool compared to his.

"Tion'ika..." Fives said, his voice a mixture of slurred and scared, "D-don't..."

Tionne looked confused for a minutes before she realized that he might be hallucinating about something. Whatever it was, it didn't put him at ease very well.

"Don't what, cyar'ika?"

"Don't go...please..." Yeah, something was bothering him. Scooting closer, Tionne rested her head on his chest, noticing that his fever had gone down significantly, but not enough. She felt Fives pull her tighter against him like a child would do to a stuffed animal.

"Fives..." Tionne whispered, rubbing his chest soothingly, "I'm not going anywhere. I'll always be beside you."

Shifting to where she was on her side, Tionne pulled Fives into a gentle embrace, her head resting on top of his, slender arms around muscular shoulders. His hallucination still bothered her, though.

9. Reminiscing

The first thing Tionne did when she woke up, was check on Fives' condition. His temperature was back to normal, but his face was pale and ashen. Tionne figured that he wouldn't be feeling very well for awhile. Sitting up, she gave a long stretch and propped up her pillow against the wall, leaning up against it. Feeling movement next to her, she looked to see that Fives had shifted, his head resting against her thigh. After a few minutes, he struggled to open his eyes with aching difficulty. Looking up at Tionne, he only managed a quiet moan, trying to catch her attention.

"Hey there, sleepy.." He heard Tionne say, "How are you feeling?"

"Dizzy, my head and eyes are killing me," Fives replied, burying his face into the pillow, "and everything hurts.."

"I can imagine so. You were pretty out of it when you arrived at my door.." Hearing Fives' chuckle, Tionne got up and grabbed another glass of water. Sitting it down on the table, she helped Fives into a sitting position before handing him the water.

"Don't drink it so fast," Tionne warned, "Your stomach still might be a bit upset." Following her advice, trooper Fives took slow sips from it before handing it back to her.

Sitting crossed leg behind him, Tionne let one arm drape over his shoulder, letting her head rest against Fives' back, and made small,

circular rubbing motions on the other.

"What did you see?" Tionne had suddenly asked, the question out of the blue.

"What?"

"Last night, you said don't go...what was it?" Fives sighed quietly as he looked down at the floor. Usually, someone that was under anything saw bizarre stuff. But what he saw, it looked real and felt real. He actually felt the emotions of anger and sadness.

"I saw you...it was like a series of flashes. In one, you were struck down by a Sith Lord."

Tionne didn't say anything, but continued to listen to what ever came out of his mouth.

"There were two that really bothered me. In one, I saw you again...but it wasn't you...it felt evil...alien. Your eyes were dark, cold and unforgiving. The other, you left...just up and disappeared."

After hearing this, Tionne's face fell slightly and she moved beside him. So that was what he saw. Tionne had heard about how sometimes people can get premonitions about the future. Taking his face in her hands, she turned his gaze towards her.

"Fives, sweetheart, I promise that none of those will happen...especially about me leaving."

"Don't make promises like that...this is war, Tionne. I love you, but...please." That hurt. Tionne removed her hands, got up, and disappeared into the change room. Walking out, she tossed him his now clean shirt and Tionne was dressed in 'marine green' clothing and black combat boots.

"You can stay in here if you like," she told him, her eyes void of any noticeable emotion, "since how your still dizzy." And with that, she walked out and headed towards the training room, leaving Fives just shaking his head. Woman were just complicated...especially if they're Spartans who have lost their entire family...but he lost his too.

* * *

><p>Wump. The sound of bare fists could be heard as they released the strength of a Spartan onto the punching bag.

Wump...crash!

The punching bag fell to the ground with a punch and a strong, quick roundhouse kick to its side. With the victor kneeling to the ground, sweat glistened on her face and blood on her raw knuckles. Shutting her eyes tightly, Tionne bit her lip to the point where it bled, trying to hold back a sob. Reaching for a small group of dog tags that hung on a single chain around her neck, Tionne began looking over the names.

Jackie. A UNSC Marine female recruit that, much like Tionne, took no bullshit from anyone, but can be a kind person. Having training in the medical field, Jackie was usually found helping out in the infirmary and on the battlefield. The last time Tionne saw her, the young woman was blasted apart from the explosive rounds of a needler rifle.

Seth, S185, a Spartan as well and her older cousin. Tionne had no clue what happened to him, but it hurt as much as the others. He disappeared during an escort mission when the Pelican was downed.

Jun, S266. The sniper of NOBLE Team and her closest friend. Though the other suspected something between them, Jun and Tionne were nothing more than friends, treating the other like family. He was also the one who showed her a trick or two with a sniper rifle. The woman had heard that he MIA after they lost contact and she suspected that he managed to escape Reach, taking refuge among the stars.

"Dammit...I'm sorry I wasn't able to protect you guys, or at least die trying to prevent your deaths..." Tionne whispered, her voice raspy and she held back a sob. For too long, she had known harshness and coldness...until just a few months ago. And now that familiar, empty feeling had returned. Hearing footsteps, she tensed up and placed the dog tags back inside her shirt, keeping her blue eyes on the floor, hair slightly covering her face. No sooner, she heard the person kneel in front of her, placing a hand on her shoulder.

"Hey? You okay, miss?" Looking up, Tionne came face to face with a spitting image of Fives...but younger, had no goatee or tattoo. This rookie looked he had just been shipped out.

"I'm fine..." Tionne said, feigning a smile, "Just trying to stay in-shape." What? Dumbest...reply...ever.

"By hitting the bag so hard it breaks the chain? Also, you weren't wearing anything that protected your hands." The rookie replied, indicating her raw knuckles.

"You get used to it. I'm Tionne by the way."

"Edge..." "

Well, Edge, it's nice to meet you. Just ship out?"

Edge nodded and pointed towards two others.

"The one with the close shave and tribal tattoo is Jax, and the blonde one is Ace." Tionne gave a friendly nod in their direction and they nodded in return. Hearing footsteps, Tionne and Edge turned their heads to see Fives walking in their direction.

"Tionne, I need to speak with you," He then turned to Edge, "Alone."

"Alright. Edge, I'll see you around sometime. He can get a little jealous..." She mouthed the last part to him before following Fives outside the room and into the empty rec room.

"What do you know?" Tionne asked as she sat down on the low couch, pulling her legs up and resting her head on her knees.

"First off, why did you walk out? Second of all, who do the dog tags belong to? Last, I want to know what's bothering you..."

"I needed time alone...just someway to vent out the emotions that have been building up for the last couple of years. Second, they belonged to my friends/squad members that served with me on Reach." She froze for a few minutes, looking down at her knees.

"As for the last? I made promises to them and I wasn't able to keep them. I made the promise to you, not only because I want to be able to keep one, but because I love you. For the last couple of years, I have only known the feeling of harshness and the cold emotion of distancing myself from those that wanted to help."

She felt the couch move slightly as Fives sat close next to her, arms resting on his legs. He didn't say anything, but lend the hurting woman an ear.

"The day I was ambushed, I was ready to die. I hated the feeling that I couldn't have prevented my families death...I wanted it gone. Everyone I knew disappeared, or was gone...cut down by the Covenant. Then I wound up on Umbara...and found you. You made me feel happy again...safe."

After hearing this, Fives now understood why she looked hurt when he said not to make promises that may prove difficult to keep. He had no idea what Tionne has been through and, quiet honestly, he didn't want to.

"I-I had no idea. Tion'ika, if I could, I would've changed things...only for you to be happy again."

"But I am...I have you." Tionne replied as she leaned her forehead against his shoulder. She also noticed that, along with a nice-smelling clean clothing, he smelt clean as well.

"Tionne, cyar'ika, I'm sorry for what I said. I didn't realize that how much my words struck home until much later and I'm a di'kut for doing so." Saying that, he turned towards her and sat crossed-leg on the couch and pulled Tionne onto his lap, her legs over his. Pulling her closer, Tionne rested her head against his strong chest and Fives rested his chin on the top of her head.

Embracing the slender, but lithe woman, Fives rubbed her shoulder gently. All was silent, but only for a few moments.

"I won't ever leave you, either and that's a promise. If you made one to me, I might as well make one to you, love."

Tionne laughed once before relaxing in his arms. Looking down at her hands, he took notice of how raw and red they looked. They had stopped bleeding, but little trickles still leaked through.

"Come on, Tion'ika," Fives said, helping her off of the couch, "Let's get your hands taken care of."

** (Tionne finally admits more about her past before Umbara...though

she bloodied her hands a little... **

**Edge: You finally make Jax, Ace, and I an appearance...and all I say is a few words? **

Me: Well, Edge, if you and the others can be good, I might get you some more time. Besides, Tionne's going through some tough stuff at the moment and sometimes would rather be alone sometimes.

** Tionne: Thank...you! **

**Fives: Tionne, what are you doing? Come on, your hands need to be taken care of. **

Me: That was...interesting...)

10. The Newcomer

**(Late note: This story is now on Wattpad! Please stop by on there when you can or if interested!)**

After an 'argumentative' lecture from Coric, Tionne walked down the hallway of the Resolute with Fives, Jax and Edge, heading towards the mess hall where their friends waited. She noticed that Fives had gotten over his little over-protectiveness he had when she was around soldiers he didn't know, every time his eyes would have that '_She's mine' _look in them; and honestly, Tionne found it funny.

Pressing the button on the wall panel, the doors slid open and they revealed a mix of 501st blue and some 212th yellow. Looking as they walked in, she took notice of a male figure dark steel Spartan armor and a black visor, Tionne's blue eyes turned into focus.

"Who's he?"

* * *

><p>M-387 stood in the left side of the large mess hall, the only area that had no one but him. With his arms crossed, cold ember eyes hidden beneath the helmet as he searched for A-253. Spartan or not, he was given information that she had defected months ago and is considered a traitor. In other words: M-387 is not taking any prisoners.</p>

Hearing the doors swish open, he adjusted his eyes only and he gave a smirk underneath the helmet. His target had just walked through the doors. The only problem? She's with two of the clones. Seeing the female Spartans eyes turn into a focus, she managed to catch the other two troopers attention turned on him. He knew that she would be troublesome to get rid of, with those willing to protect her.

The Covert Ops Spartan would have to wait and get her when she's alone.

* * *

><p>He could tell that Tionne was unnerved... mostly in the presence of the new arrival. After everyone finished, Jax and Edge went to find Ace, while Fives took Tionne and led her out of the mess hall,

alerting his superiors about the mysterious newcomer, and headed towards the hangar. But, there was something ominous about the other Spartan that Fives couldn't figure out.<p>

But whatever it was, it was causing Tionne to be very alert of those around her, making her slightly jumpy to sudden noises. Once in the hangar, they made their way towards a stack of boxes and she had to launch herself onto the top and sat cross legged, head slightly bowed and tilted ever so slightly, as if listening to the subtle sounds, her eyes shifting around.

Sitting on the one next to her, Fives patiently waited for her to speak. After a few minutes, she barely lifted her head up and her voice was just a whisper.

"I don't like this.."

"What?"

"I don't like the fact that the steel armored Spartan is here, on _this_ ship..."

"What do you mean? Is he a threat?" Fives asked, his voice laced with concern and anger.

"Maybe. While I was still in the UNSC, there were rumors of people defecting from the military. Why? I don't know...but they were supposedly creating Covert Ops Spartans, soldiers to hunt down and kill the deserters, wearing steel armor. That Spartan in the mess was wearing _steel_ armor..."

"Maybe it's just a coincidence? Maybe he came here the way you did and somebody just managed to find him."

"I don't think so. Being a Spartan, my senses were heightened to levels superior than most humans, allowing me to be able to know if I'm being watched...and his attention was on me."

"He may be after you, but he's going to have to go through us, first. Don't worry, Tion'ika, we got you." Fives said as he draped his arm over her shoulders.

(Whew...this one took me awhile...I had to rewrite it a few times. Anywho, I thought the story could have some foreshadowing in it for once. Tell me what you think! Narcissi signing off!)

11. Encounter

(Okay, the last part may be a bit freaky for younger readers, just a heads up.)

His suspicions were confirmed about the Spartan with the designation of M-387. Every time Fives saw the two Spartans within visual distance of each other, the visitor would watch Tionne through his dark visor. Hell, Tionne had become slightly frightened in M-387's presence and Fives would have to be around Tionne, fiercely concerned for his love's safety.

But it seemed whenever the ARC trooper was near her, M-387 would

leave the vicinity. That made him even more watchful. Yes, he knew that Tionne could take care of herself, but this man was the only thing she seemed frightened of. Fives learned that if something bothers a Spartan, it has to be very disturbing.

"Here, cyar'ika," Fives said as he handed Tionne a com-link, "Call if anything goes wrong."

"Thanks, Fives." She replied. Tionne, the woman that stood up to Krell and Greivous and lived to tell the tale, the woman that became the friend of the 501st, the bright and brave woman who won Fives' heart...

Was now turned into a frightened child, and it broke him seeing her like this.

"Oh, and by the way, I managed to snatch your armor, weapon and a blaster pistol from our Gunnery Sergeant, they're in your room, by your bed." Looking around, he found that the hallways were empty, and brought her close, one arm wrapped around her waist, and the other resting against her back, hand on her head. "It'll be okay, Tionne," Fives murmured, "everything will be okay again." Tilting her head up, his cocoa-brown eyes locked onto her blue flame ones and brushes his lips against hers. Slowly pulling away, he cupped Tionne's cheek before guiding her into her room.

* * *

><p>The active cameo worked perfectly. M-387 watched from high in the corner at the end of the hallway. It seemed that this particular clone had, how to say, romantic feelings for A-253. The Spartan found this quiet interesting as a hidden, feral grin found its way onto his lips. M-387 re-figured his plan and decided to use one of the two as leverage against the other...or use someone else.</p>

Waiting until the trooper left, the Spartan looked around the empty hallways before disappearing into an air vent.

Yes, he would have fun with these two.

* * *

><p>Climbing into bed, she placed the energy sword and blaster underneath her pillow, her hands looking like they were propping the pillow, when they were rested on the weapons. Trying to relax, Tionne closed her eyes and took a few breaths before going into a light slumber, listening to the sounds around her. Removing her hands ever so slightly for safety, the Spartan kept them remained under the pillow.</p>

After about an hour or so, Tionne heard a frantic knocking on her door. Jumping out of bed, still in her black and blue marked armor, she pressed the button and revealed the face of close friends known as Tup and Edge, worry etched on their faces.

"Edge, Tup...what is it? What happened?"

"Jax has gone missing as well as Fives..." Tup replied frantically, slightly breathless.

"Did anyone see who it was?" Tionne's voice had lost all sympathy for the person that took her friends and loved one.

"I only got a glimpse. But it was the other Spartan with the steel colored armor...he took off in a speeder towards the lower levels of Galactic City." It was Ace this time.

"Ace, I need you to stay here in case one of them calls. Tup, Edge, you're with me." Grabbing the energy sword and blaster pistol, Tionne, Edge and Tup ran outside and towards the speeder pool. Grabbing the nearest ones, much to the keepers annoyance, took off towards the lower levels of Coruscant.

"I just got a set of coordinates from him!" Edge said into the com-links.

"Send 'em." Tionne needn't know the name, she ready knew: M-387. Heading towards the coordinates, the duo found themselves at an abandoned docking bay, the old lights flickering and ceiling fans turning slowly. She gave the two troopers a set of hand signals, sneak around the boxes. Nodding silently, they made their way around the stacks, keeping an eye on Tionne as she walked.

"Alright you little bastard!" Tionne shouted as she walked down the aisle, "Show yourself!"

At that moment, M-387 stepped out of the shadows and his appearance shocked Tionne more than anything could. His was human, yes, but he had the appearance of a physical AI, his ember eyes cold and shining with bloodlust, lines of matrix code tattooed around his eyes going down the side of his face, a feral grin plastered on his lips.

"Hello, A-253..." M-387 said, his voice mechanic sounding, unnaturally smooth and dripping poison as he spoke, "How nice to finally see you...alone." He put emphasis on the last word and it sent off warning bells in her head. As he began to step forward, Tionne noticed that there were little splashes of blood across his face. Human blood. Tionne paled and her blue eyes went wide.

"If you're wondering if I killed them, no. But, if you hadn't showed up, then I might have...it would be a shame, really. The younger one may not last much longer. What was his name? Jax?"

Tionne could feel Edge's anger flare up as M-387 spoke about the young trooper.

::Tionne, I found them!:: Tup's voice came through the com-link,
::They're alive, but Jax needs medical attention!::

With honed reflexes, Tionne grabbed the energy sword just as M-387 lunged at her and she brought the sword upward and through the male Spartan.

"I thought you should know, that I was only a scout, A-253...there are many more of us..." M-387's voice faded and he died, that sadistic, feral smile still remained. Though he was not flesh, but wires and cords... '

Much like a droid...' The thought it was mechanical actually settled

Tionne's conscious.

"Tionne!" It was Edge's anguished voice, "Over here!"

How much more did he mean?

12. Road to Recovery

"Tionne, hurry!"

Rushing over to where Edge and Tup were giving a temporary aid to an injured Fives and an semi-unconscious Jax. The sight of them both made Tionne's knees become weak.

"Tion'ika?"

"Easy, Fives, just rest. How long have you been here?"

"Awhile...apparently he got ahold of Jax long ago, then got me last night."

Hearing this made the guilt in Tionne's heart grow until it was about to burst. Looking over at Jax, who was conscious and being held up between Edge and Tup, the woman helped Fives to his feet and guiding him to the speeder. Once they all were settled, they took off towards the base to get the two medical help.

By the time they arrived, Jax's injuries had become too severe, falling back into unconsciousness, and they had him on a gurney, quickly heading towards the med-bay. They said that he had several broken ribs and leg, a small concussion, and was dehydrated, along with small mental abrasions.

Whereas Fives had some burns on his arms and legs, a dislocated shoulder, and a swollen eye. Why M-387 had given Jax all the beating, Tionne never knew. Coric had said that both of them would need a day or so in the bacta tank and the Spartan cringed slightly, remembering her first experience.

"I'll be here when you guys get out..." Tionne whispered as the troopers were floating in the blue gel, "Promise."

Feeling a hand on her shoulder, Tionne turned her head to find Rex looking into her eyes, his brown ones reassuring.

"They'll be alright, Tionne. Come on, we're needed on the bridge."

Nodding her head, Tionne replaced her helmet on her head and followed the Captain to the bridge, where General Kenobi, General Skywalker and his padawan, Ahsoka Tano, standing around a large holo-table.

"Captain Rex..." Skywalker addressed, nodding towards the soldier, "Mind introducing us to your friend?"

"Yes sir. Her designation is Spartan Alpha-253, A-253. Whereas her name is Tionne. Sirs, she's the one who aided us when Krell revealed

himself as a turncoat and 'apprehended' him."

"I assume 'apprehended' means executed?" Commander Tano asked, looking up the still female Spartan.

"Yes sir," she replied formally, "He was proven to be a threat to the military as well as the soldiers. That means he is to be taken out, with lethal force if necessary."

Skywalker nodded his head before dismissing the two. Waiting until they were outside the doors, he turned towards his former master.

"How long has she been around? More importantly, how do we know if she's not a spy?"

"She's been here for almost a year and a half. She was found on Umbara and has gotten respect from a lot of the troopers in the GAR after her standing up against Krell. Anakin, I would hardly think she was a spy.."

* * *

><p>Rex and Tionne stood in front of the two tanks as the droids prepared to remove Fives from the blue liquid.</p>

"CT-7919 will remain in the bacta tank for another night before he can be removed from it and return to light, active duty." A medical droid's voice said as it drained Fives' tank.

"Jax," Tionne growled out irritably, "His name is _Jax._"

_This clone is listed as CT-7919 in my data banks, not as Jax."

'_Kriffin droids...' _Tionne thought as the droids pulled Fives from the tank and held the unconscious man between them. Walking over, she dried off what she could and took him from the two mechs.

Helping him to the bunk, Tionne carefully laid him down, covering Fives with that thin-sheet of a blanket. Shooing the droids away, Rex left the two soldiers alone in the med-room.

It was probably about thirty minutes before Fives regained consciousness, cringing at the bright lights. Moving towards the wall, Tionne turned down the dial for the lights, dimming the room. Sitting on the bunk, the Spartan ran her slender fingers through the Fives' ebony hair, admiring how soft it was...even through the past events.

"...Jax?"

"He'll be okay, Fives, you both are. What happened anyway?"

"I-I'm not sure. I was making my rounds when the bastard jumped me. Somewhere in the fight, he managed to dislocate my shoulder and knock me unconscious. When I woke up, he had Jax pinned against the wall."

Tionne felt her heart tighten with pure anger at the AI-Spartan, at

least he was no longer a problem...but he said there were more of his kind.

Fives continued. "I managed to get 387 to release him by throwing a kick at the Spartan..."

* * *

><p>*Flashback*</p>

_Screams....

But they weren't his. Whose were they?

Struggling to open his eyes, Fives found that the screaming did not belong to him, but to a much younger clone. Turning his head, he saw M-387 standing front of a injured Jax.

With his armor cracked, the rookie's face was bruised and littered with cuts, a small bump was starting to form on the right side of his head, face contorted into serious pain as Jax struggled to breath. When 387 halted, he turned towards Fives and grinned, his face streaked with bright blood and turned back towards Jax, continuing what he was doing previously.

Narrowing his eyes, Fives shot up and lunged at 387, landing a kick to the face and sending the assassin towards the ground...hard. With some time to spare, Fives gathered Jax in his arms, carrying him and hiding themselves behind some boxes, letting the young clone rest against him.

Placing a hand over the younger man's mouth, Fives attempted to silence the moans of pain that shot through the rookie's ribs. Falling silent, he soon heard the sound of speeders approaching, and the sound of Tionne's voice, full of rage and revenge. With relief flooding over, Fives closed his eyes.

_*_End of flashback*

* * *

><p>"H-how long was Jax there?" Tionne asked, her eyes beginning to sting.</p>

"He was taken about four hours before me. Tionne...I've seen some brutal _osik; _but, whathe did to poor Jax..." Fives trailed off, looking at the trooper that remained in the tank. Jax was going to have impressive some scarring and some mental abrasions for awhile. Taking off her armor plates, Tionne laid next to Fives in her body suit, head resting on his non-injured shoulder.

"I can imagine that Ace and Edge will want to see Jax when he's out." Fives said quietly.

"You should've seen their faces, Fives..." Tionne trailed, guilt forcing her to go silent and it started to build up in her mind and heart.

"It's over Tionne, it's going to be alright again.."

13. Memories

**(Oh god this one took forever! I apologize for the delay, guys, I hope to be able to update more often. Narcissi signing off!)**

He tried to move.

But that light, floating feeling surrounded him and...a harness? What?

Jax feebly attempted to pull himself from his cold, harnessed prison only to manage to pull the oxygen mask off and he gasped for air. Only to get a lung and mouth full of bacta.

In his frightened state, he attempted get out, only to touch the glass of the tank, his panic growing stronger. Jerking his head around, he attempted to get whatever attention he could.

He soon started to hear voices, one belonging to a female. The voice was urgent and he soon started to feel himself being brought out of the tank, first a pair of cold, mechanical hands, then a pair of slender and warm hands.

Relief flooded his mind and fell into unconsciousness.

* * *

><p>"Come on, Jax..." Tionne said as she pushed onto his chest, frantically attempting to revive her friend, "Come back to us."</p>

After two seconds, Jax coughed up the bacta that flooded his insides and struggled weakly to open his heavy eyelids. Once he succeeded, he was blinded by the med-centers bright lights.

Hearing the familiar female voice, his brain registered the dimming lights. Finally, Jax found himself staring up into the relieved faces of Tionne and Fives. Pulling the exhausted trooper to his feet, they placed him on the bunk across from Fives, pulling a blanket over him.

"How are you feeling, Jax?" Tionne asked, sitting down on the bunk next to the trooper.

"Exhausted, sore...freezing" his lips quirked into a small smile, knowing that it was always freezing out of the tank. Hearing separate footsteps, Jax turned his head and saw Edge and Ace kneeling on a armored knee at the bed side.

Feeling a large hand on arm, Tionne turned to see Rex standing behind her, a look of slight amusement and annoyance.

"Better hurry Tionne..." Rex said, "I don't know how long I can keep the med-droids away."

The Spartan nodded and gave the two wounded soldiers a soft hair ruffle and followed Rex outside of the med-bay.

* * *

><p>"How ya feeling, brother?" Ace asked, concern etched onto his and Edge's faces.</p>

"Like osik..." Jax replied, rubbing his hand down his face. Edge reached over and ruffled the younger clone's hair before speaking.

"The medics say that you'll be able to leave in about a day or so-"

"Lucky bastard.." Ace joked before getting a thump on the head from Edge, causing the three to laugh quietly.

* * *

><p>Fives smiled to himself as he looked over at the younger three, their quiet chuckles reminding him of his past when Domino Squad was a whole. After a few minutes, Edge and Ace left the ward, getting ready for the days end.</p>

Turning on his side, he closed his eyes and his mind was flooded with memories of him, Cutup, Hevy, Droidbait, and_..._

Echo...

Yes, Fives missed all of his brothers, but he and Echo were closest out of the group. It was after Rishi when they became close, always looking out for each other.

He remembers graduating from the cadet ranks and becoming troopers and then all the way to being promoted to the ranks of ARC Troopers. Other than being made troopers, Fives couldn't remember another time when his brother looked so happy.

Remembering that grin on his face brought tears to the battle hardened troopers eyes and Fives tightened his closed eyes, gripping the sheets. He attempted to make it unnoticeable, but learned that he had failed.

He felt a hand on his shoulder and turned to see Tionne, in the red garb he gave her a long time ago, sitting on the edge of his bunk. He took notice that her once, short hair had started to get longer and that the red highlights were now blue.

And her blue eyes were showing concern.

"What are you doing here?" Fives asked, failing to hide the husky tone in his voice.

"I snuck back through the air vents..." Tionne smiled gently as Fives chuckled, stroking the side of her face.

"I guess being small has its perks."

That earned him a feigned look of annoyance from the Spartan and she started to rub the man's neck, relaxing the muscles.

"Mind telling me why you're upset?"

Fives fell silent for a few minutes before replying.

"Just watching Jax, Edge and Ace reminded me of my days with my old squad when I was still a rookie. They're still together and it pains me to know that—" he stopped short to choke back the emotions that tried to force their way out.

"That they may not see one or the other again one day..." Tionne finished for him.

Fives nodded and shifted to where he was on resting against the wall, wincing slightly and Tionne's eyes turned to him in concern.

"I'm fine. It's just a little sore." He said, rubbing his abdomen gingerly. Though the lights were greatly dimmed to near blackness, Fives could still see the brilliance of his girl's blue eyes.

"You know that empty bunk that's in my room?"

"Yes."

"That belonged to my closest brother, Echo."

Tionne thought for a moment before replying, "You never mentioned him before. Where is he?"

Fives looked down at his hands, which were clenching the blanket to where his knuckles were turning white. After a moment, Tionne's slender ones covered his.

"He's gone."

Tionne remained silent, knowing what Fives meant by 'gone'.

"He was killed a few months ago. We had a rescue mission to Lola Sayu, having to rescue a Jedi General who had the routes that could turn the tide of war. We barely got inside before the alarms were set and we had to fight."

He looked over at the Spartan, her face soft and expression neutral. But her eyes said sorrow...and that she was listening.

"For most of the time, we were on the run, using canyons and using a kriffing pipeline. It was when we were just minutes away from escape is when all hell broke loose. Everyone was pinned down behind large crates by the Sep's large, wall mounted cannons."

As Fives spoke, Tionne's mind registered that his voice, as well as the look in his dark eyes, were starting to change and she gripped his larger hand in hers, giving him support.

"When General Skywalker and General Piell were knocked off a droid STAP, Echo turned to me and said that 'this was our last chance to stop it' and grabbed one of the shields the Commando droids dropped and attempted to commandeer the escape shuttle to stop the droid reinforcements and the cannon..."

Fives stopped and shut his eyes for a moment. He was about to continue until he felt Tionne's slender index finger on his lips.

"It's okay, Fives," she whispered, "you don't have to finish it...it's alright."

Looking up at her, the trooper could see the gentle shimmer of tears beginning to well up in her eyes and felt a little guilty for making her do that.

"No, no, I'm fine." Tionne said, "it's probably better if we got all of it off our chests..." She then wiped at her watery eyes.

The couple smiled at each other before Fives intertwined his fingers with his girl's and leaned over at Tionne, placing a kiss her on the cheek.

"I'll stop by and visit tomorrow, okay?"

Fives nodded before replying, "I'll be getting out sometime tomorrow. Don't know when, though. Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

And with that, Tionne headed back to her own room for the night.

14. The Beginning of a Conspiracy?

Just as Fives had said, he was released from the med-bay sometime in the afternoon and was now in his quarters, readying himself for the next mission. Honestly, he rather enjoyed the silence of the past couple of days...though he was stuck in the med-bay.

Making his way down to the hangar, his sensitive hearing picked up the very faint sounds of boots hitting the metal flooring. Turning around, he saw Tionne's small figure appear before him, his armor making him dwarf the woman, even though she was fully clad in her commando armor.

He took notice at how much she changed since he found her what would now be two years ago today. Transforming from a lone Spartan who had an attitude that rivaled

Grievous' and Krell's own, a little skinny thing with short and red streaked hair...

to a woman who had filled out nicely, platinum blonde hair longer and blue streaked, was now friends among those in the 501st as well as some others outside the legion...and now apart of Fives' life.

'_And hopefully, she'll be more...if I make it that long..._' He thought as his girl looked up at him.

"What?" Fives asked, noticing the scared expression in her blue eyes, "Tionne, what's wrong?"

"I have a very bad feeling about this one, Fives. I-I want to come with."

Bad feeling? About what?

"About what?" Fives asked, not being able to finish the rest.

"The mission itself!" She exclaimed, "Please, Fives, just allow me to come with you on this one. I'll just hang back and help Coric and Kix with the wounded."

The ARC Trooper gave a soft sigh. In a way, the young Spartan was right: She really hadn't seen battle in awhile...and the medics could probably use the help.

But still...

"Alright, Tion'ika, you can come..." He said, resigned, "We need to hurry, though."

With that, he motioned for Tionne to follow him to the hangar. It turns out that the following battle was to take place at Ringo Vinda, within a giant space station that completely encircled the planet.

As they touched down, Tionne's honed reflexes as a Spartan instantly kicked it into high gear.

* * *

><p>*A few days later*

Something was wrong.

Tup could feel another headache brewing as his vision started to blur and he started to feel lightheaded.

"Keep moving, Tup!" Tionne encouraged, seeing his current problem. Shaking his head, Tup continued fighting through the large corridor and it seemed that the battle reached its peak when they entered a large space that looked much like an arena.

It was then something turned for the worse: As Tup continued alongside the others, something in his brain clicked and the world seemed to slow down, the only he could hear was the blaster fire and his own voice.

"Jedi..."

Running towards General Tiplar, blaster raised, he waited for the Jedi to turn and he pulled the trigger. The sound of a body hitting the floor snapped Tup out of his stupor and he felt himself hit the floor as well.

* * *

><p>What the hell just happened?!</p>

One moment everything was going smoothly and they were just starting to push the droid reinforcements back and the next thing Tionne knew was that Tup had just shot one of the Generals.

As of now Tionne, Fives and Rex were standing in the doorway of the small room that held Tup, where a medic was looking over the poor

soldier. What made this even more disturbing is that his eyes were completely unfocused, holding an animalistic need to kill and kept repeating one mantra:

Good soldiers follow orders.

He even attempted to lunge and attack Tiplar's sister, snarling and glaring like a wild animal. Grabbing a sedative, the medic injected the contents of the syringe into the crazed soldier's neck. After a few seconds, Tup fell into a fitful sleep.

Feeling a hand on her shoulder, Tionne turned to see Fives motioning that she should follow him. Walking to a random corner of the briefing room, Fives gently rested his hands on her shoulders.

"Listen to me, Tionne," he said softly, "I'm going to go with Rex to take Tup to Kamino to see if they can find the cause of his breakdown and I want you to remain here with the Generals and go with them back to the cruiser when everything is finished. Okay?"

Tionne remained silent for a moment before replying, "Okay.."

"They may keep me there for a few days, to make sure I'm not going to do the same thing. If they do, I'll check when I can, okay?"

Tionne nodded her head and remained silent and gave a silent prayer hoping that Tup was going to be okay.

"Ni' kar'tayl gar darasuum..." Fives whispered, "I'll see you again soon, okay?"

"Okay..."

With that, he disappeared behind the door along with Rex, Tup in tow on a gurney. Tionne noticed that Fives gave the young woman a small smile before he left.

Stay safe...

15. Escape (Part 1)

It had been a few days since Fives and Rex have left with Tup, heading towards Kamino, and Tionne was starting to get a little worried. The last check in was a few hours after they had arrived and since then, it's been silence and Rex had returned soon after.

But Fives didn't.

"Are you feeling well, Tionne?" The Captain's voice sounded from nowhere, slightly startling the Spartan, "You look a little distraught."

"I-I'm just worried, that's all." Tionne replied, giving one of those fake, picture perfect smiles. Rex's dark eyes narrowed slightly in concern and Tionne knew that he wasn't going to have any of that. Giving the Spartan's shoulder a gentle, but firm squeeze, his face relaxed into a small smile.

"Come with me to my quarters," he said, "from there, you can use the comm to reach Fives without any problem."

Hearing this, Tionne felt her mood brighten considerably.

"Thank you so much, Captain Rex..." She replied as she followed him.

"Ah, think nothing of it." He replied. Keying in the code for the lock, Rex went over to the holo emitter and keyed in Fives code. Walking outside, he kept watch.

Within a few minutes, Fives appeared on the holo table and something about him seemed...off. Other than the fact that his head was shaved and there was like a patch or something on the side.

"Tionne?"

"Fives? Fives, what's going on? Is everything okay?"

"No...it's not. I'm back on Coruscant, but..."

"But what?"

"I'm in deep."

Tionne's head instantly said _danger_ and something inside her caused her alertness to jump rather quickly.

"Where are you now?"

"I-I can't tell you, not right now. Sorry, cyar'ika. I have to go..." The transmission was cut off and Tionne hastily shoved her helmet on her head and quickly made her way out of the room and down to the hangar, not even bothering to stop when Rex asked her what was wrong.

Headed towards the speeder pool, Tionne ended up running into Kix and Jesse.

"Everything okay?" Jesse asked he noticed the look on the Spartans face.

"No. I just talked to Fives and something's wrong. He won't tell me what, though."

"Well, Jesse and I are about head out to 79's," Kix told her, "We'll keep a lookout for him when he turns up."

Tionne said her thanks and continued towards the speeder pool and chose the one with the two energy swords crossing, much her helmet marking. Making sure she had enough fuel, Tionne took off at full speed and searched through the city for Fives. Keeping her com link open.

I'm not sure if I should be a little disgusted or not...' Fives thought as he entered the clone bar known as 79's. With him not usually being the one who was into this stuff, it kind of became a small shock to him. As Fives moved through the bar, hiding his now

shaved head and tattoo with a Lieutenant's hat, he spotted Kix and followed him into the freshers.

"I see that the 501st is back in town."

"Yeah," Kix replied, giving no indication that he knew who he was talking to, "some weird stuff when down on Ringo Vinda."

"I know," Fives replied, "I was there." He then removed the cap and Kix's eyes went wide.

"Fives! Goddamn it! Do you have any clue how worried you've made Tionne? On top of that, there's a warrant out for you and the guard is searching as well!"

"I know, I know! Kix, I'm going to need your help with this one," He then typed in a set of coordinates into link on Kix's forearm, "Contact Captain Rex or General Skywalker and give the location to them."

Kix nodded and Fives left for the speeder parking. Waiting for a few minutes, Kix did call somebody, but it wasn't Skywalker or Rex.

"Thanks, Kix," Tionne replied, "I owe you one."

"Just make sure he doesn't make things worse."

"If he hasn't already..." She replied and headed towards the location where Fives was at. Once the port was in view, she looked around and found no sign of Fives-wait...there!

The ports large doors were opened slightly.

Pulling the speeder to a stop, Tionne quickly made her way inside, the dark and quiet made her senses escalate quickly. Once she was about to reach the middle, she heard the faint sound of boots scuffling against the ground.

"Fives?" She called out, her voice echoing. Everything was silent for a few moments before she heard the sound of footsteps and soon a body in phase II armor.

"Tionne! What the hell are you doing here?" He whispered as he stumbled and caught himself. The drug Nala Se put into his body was now starting to catch up and take effect.

"You're not well." Tionne said in concern as she closed the distance between them and brought him in a hug. She could hear his heartbeat, the pace was like he just got done running, and she could feel his heavy breathing as his chest rose up and down.

"Your not the first to tell me that..." He breathed as he felt himself become weak in the knees. Tionne felt him try to keep his weight from toppling them as he fell, but she just helped him to the ground, letting his head rest against her armored chest and she wrapped her arms around him, a fierce protectiveness surrounded her being.

Hearing the sounds of gunship engines, Tionne hurriedly helped Fives

off the ground and they hid themselves in the midst of crowded boxes. Peaking her head out at the sound of two pairs of footsteps, Tionne saw the shapes of General Skywalker and Captain Rex.

Rex knew the situation well and understood that Fives condition is not well, and Tionne could see that his expression was more concerned for the ARC than serious...unlike Skywalker.

Who wouldn't trust a damn word Fives said...and that made Tionne very wary, causing her to go through scenarios and ways to escape if they needed to.

Aware of Fives scuffling, voices and the sound of an energy field being activated, Tionne finished her thought process and peaked once more around the box, watching the three with her carefully trained eyes.

She could hear desperation in Fives' voice as he spoke and the fact that Skywalker didn't believe him really pissed the Spartan off to an extent. Easing her way out, she kept the door in her peripherals as she looked 's head snapped up when she heard Fox's voice shouting and the sound of blasters whirring made her jump up and run to the disoriented ARC.

Everything was going in slow motion: One minute she was hiding in the shadows; and the next thing Tionne knew, was that she ripped off her helmet and was sprinting to try and block Fives from the blue blaster bolt, the impact causing her jerk forward toward the ARC.

Feeling Fives' arms wrap around Tionne as he caught her, he lowered her to the ground. Holding her close in his arms, Fives let Tionne rest her head against his armored shoulder. He could see the pained look on her pale face and blue eyes, knowing that she would soon be unconscious.

Feeling herself being lifted, Tionne could hear shouting and the lurch of the gunship taking off.

(Crap! Sorry this chapter took to damn long, guys! I was honestly stumped with this one, but there's plenty more to come!)

16. AN

Okay, so I know that this fanfic has been on halt for quite some and I sincerely apologize to those that still read this. I had to reset my laptop and lost recent chapters in the process. So, I'm working on building them back up and, if by then, some of you are no longer reading, then I thank you for your time. - Narcissi

End
file.